

# CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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## GENIAL GREATHEART;

OR,  
THE JOTTINGS OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

EDITED BY S. LEAVITT.

### CHAP. IV.

#### INSPICIENCES.

LEON. "You must not, sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war between Signor Benedetti and her."—MRS. AND ABOUT NOTHING.

The afternoon following that upon which the family discussed, Allan Bayard sat near a window in the same parlor into which the reader has been introduced. The tasteful gardens of the neighborhood still retained much summer garb; pleasantness, and peace seemed regnant there. Allan had returned earlier than usual from his office, and was busy with some of his architectural plans. Eleanor Vinton enters the room, for school hours have run their course, and she has yet several hours of day light to spend, as she supposes, reading in the pleasant parlor, with no prospect of company other than feminine.

"Is a little disconcerting, to be sure, to find *him* there, but *non tenebris* (what boots it,) she has to get acquainted with him and must not shrink from such natural opportunities."

"Spicy talk it is, when they two encounter:—A fair afternoon Mademoiselle! but you look rather ill-natured; have unruly girls aroused your positivity?"

"I'm obliged to you for condescending to notice the expression of my face, Mr. Bayard; but allow me to inquire whether you have adopted for the regulation of your behavior, the code Francois or the code Malay—not being a judge of such matters, I am a little anxious to know."

"I believe I asked you a question, Miss, I am not accustomed to allow my questions to pass unanswered."

"What for a grand Turk have we here! as the country folks would say," answered Eleanor, trembling a little, for she began to be dubious with regard to the propriety of continuing the conversation in this extraordinary strain. "Surely, sir, you were but now reading 'the Taming of the Shrew,' and suppose that you have a mission in that direction."

So speaking, she took up a book and moved toward the door, concluding that it would be most maidenly in her to show a disposition to shrink from too sudden familiarity.

But he exclaimed, "Come! I know that you intended to sit here and read, and yet in conformance with the beggarly conventionalities of modern society, you are going away into your cold room, simply forth because you find one of the other sex sitting in the parlor. If there is to be any absconding, any martyr to the cause of good manners, let it be myself. Sit down; I am not an ogre. If it is necessary, I will turn my back and not even look at you, though it will be especially inconvenient—that is, I mean, to do the *former*, for I have the best light to draw by when sitting my back to the window.—Well, you are going to submit, are you, that looks reasonable; most young ladies would persist in carrying out the absurd notion."

"You did not really think, though, did you, that I was impudent?"

"Rather!" was the laconic response, while the inflexible countenance gazed inflexibly at the copy of Kingsley's Hypatia, which she had taken up.

"Well, if I was, I hardly think you were very far behind in that respect. But what book is that you are reading? Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, or some such—to the female mind—awfully imposing volume, I'll be bound." Do you know," he continued, without waiting for a response, "that I am falling into the Mahometan notion that woman has no soul?"

"I wonder that you will still be speaking, Signor Benedetti," replied the inflexible face, "nobody marks you."

"Parbleu!" that was well put, there's even a touch of originality about it. But you would have me to understand, would you, that your attention has been fixed on that book all this while, which I see by the way, is a novel, so that I was not far from right. Now, I will venture to say, that you have not read a paragraph; you should have taken care to open elsewhere than at the first half page."

"Perhaps if there was less noise in the room, I might get along faster."

"Noise, eh? that's complimentary! But really, won't you talk? You have got plenty of time. In the good old times of yore, ladies did not sit reading half the day; but spent their leisure working at tapestry, and other needle and thread manufactures, so that when their lords and masters returned from their more dignified and arduous labors, they found themselves not in the company of a set of petrified blue stockings, but in that of blithely chattering and gossiping beings; who

knew that Heaven had given them a so great disposition to talk, simply that they might thereby entertain the lords of creation."

"Unmitigated and abominable nonsense!" cried Eleanor, making a motion to go, "I won't hear another word of it."

"Stop!" said Allan, "If you are not sensible enough to converse reasonably, I'll stop it. Just come here and see what I am drawing. O!" said he, seeing her look of hesitation, "you think, I suppose, that it would be more proper for me to come to you. A pest on these proprieties! I neither take naturally to them, nor can keep the run of them by artificial means. See, then, I am planning a picture gallery for the house of a family of cod-fish extraction, which they are building up near the grand Avenue. The beauty of it is, that they having already collected a large number of pictures, seem to think that all they have got to consider in building a gallery for their reception, is that it should be arranged in accordance with the size of their picture frames; which is certainly an important item, as they have some immensely tall ones. All considerations as to the different lights and shades required by different pictures, are entirely ignored by them. But I suppose they and their guests will lose but a small discount on their enjoyment of them on any such account, as they are right in supposing that the frames are the most valuable though not the most costly part of them; since those of them which are not sham 'works of old masters' picked up at a bargain in Italy and Germany, are the productions of our 'sham democracy.'"

"But I hear 'the patriarch's' latch-key. Now, won't I be revenged upon you for all your impertinence! and for making me waste a full half hour of my valuable time. I defy you to go up-stairs now, while he's in the hall. It would look pretty, wouldn't it, for you to whirl past him as he comes in, and finds that I was your only company. May be, I did not plan it all and keep you here on purpose to mortify you, and make you ashamed that you did not let me carry that huge load of books to school the other day."

"Most worthy patriarch!" cried Allan from his seat, which he had that moment resumed, while Eleanor sat looking at her book and nervously fingering the cord and tassel which served her as an apron string, and turning alternately red and pale. "Most worthy patriarch!" he cried as Greatheart entered and approached the fire, "how shall I deliver myself from the annoyances to which I am subjected by this young woman. Here, now, for a mortal hour she has been boring me with all sorts of impertinent questions concerning my business and family affairs. Just now, indeed, I was obliged to enter into an elaborate explanation of the origin and object of this drawing. I suppose that the next thing but for your timely entrance, would have been a series of home questions as to the state of my affections. I shall never say anything in favor of Woman's Rights after this. Miss Eleanor."

"It is a shame! Mr. Bayard," here broke in Eleanor, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, but too late to prevent one big *bona fide* tear from leaping out, leaping madly as if impelled from the heart's deepest wells.

"It is a shame! Allan," said Greatheart, stroking with soothing father hands the head of the weeping girl as he stood beside her. "You are an intolerable tease."

"*Ah me miserum! quo rum?*" ejaculated the culprit with a most tragic expression of despair upon his countenance, "I am surely Murad the Unlucky. Let me be 'kicked to death by grasshoppers,' 'fired from a mortar,' or 'hung, drawn, and quartered,' rather than that I should see a tear on such a — on a woman's cheek, myself having called it forth."

"There, have done with your rhapsodies," said his more staid friend, "let your future conduct prove your repentance; such ecstasies are a little suspicious. You must remember that Eleanor has lately gone through a trying scene, and is now an orphan dwelling among comparative strangers, so that even your bantering when carried to an annoying extent is enough to overcome her. Tell us, now, aggrieved fair, is not your emotion to be attributed to past as much as present grief?"

"Yes, Uncle," she replied, looking up with that look of trust and confidence that is purely feminine, and is not imitable by man.

"You will not be angry with Allan very long, then?"

"No, not very."

"Come, then," said Allan, "we will all be good, and I won't do so any more, (the mischief in his eye belied him,) and you, my venerable friend, will tell us where you have been this afternoon."

"I dropped in to see a physical medium on my way up, which you know is a rare thing with me. Shortly after the sitting commenced, we were treated to a very amusing scene. There was a capital specimen of the live Yankee present, full of all that vigor, vivacity, curiosity, and incredulity, for which that genus are celebrated. The thing in hand was a trial of strength between the Spirits and us, flesh clad Spirits, the test being the holding and moving in spite of the resistance of the other party, a heavy oak table. First, we would try to hold the table still while the Spirits strove to move it, but were individually and collectively overcome, except the Yankee, who as yet chose to be a spectator. With the same success we tried to move it while they held it. Finally, it arose in the air and passed over all our heads to where Jonathan stood. He had been mumbling and ejaculating all the while 'humbug!' 'mesmerism!' &c., but now, half in terror and half in desperate re-

solve to discover the cheat, he seized it. 'He was darned if he could hold the darned thing.' He had no sooner taken hold of the edge than it began to dance a sort of hornpipe with him. It danced him pretty rapidly to the other side of the room, where unfortunately for him a chair lay on its side. Strait for the chair danced he and his partner, and over he went backward the moment his heels touched it, with the table on top of him, which immediately became stationary in that position, pinning Jonathan fast to the floor. There he lay for several moments shouting lustily, 'help! take him off! to hell with you, you infernal devil!' while we were all holding our sides, wiping the mirthful tears from our eyes. At last he was let up, and rubbing his aching joints, and recovering a little from his amazement, he looked at the now placid table exclaiming, 'well I'll swear! if there ain't more'n about fifteen horse power in that infernal machine!' and then bolted. We learned from one of the friends who accompanied him down stairs, that in reply to the question 'whether or no he was now a Spiritualist,' he replied that he 'warnt nuthin' shorter.'"

"That was droll enough," said Allan. "But what a wonderful work the manifestations are doing all over the world. Some people seem to think that because they are not in every body's mouth as much as formerly, that they are dying out. It occurred to me to say the other day when discussing the subject with an unbeliever, that the interest in Spiritualism is dying out just as the interest in the electric telegraph and the gold of California is dying out. That is to say, it has become a fixed fact with millions, who, having discussed it incessantly for months, now suffer it to absorb a due amount and no more of their attention."

"True," replied Greatheart, "that is a true view to take of it; and just as millions are now tolling noiselessly in California, sending us millions of gold, and the telegraph is creeping noiselessly over the land by the thousand miles, whereas when man appeared to be taking such an interest in these things, they were really doing nothing about them; even so are millions now working practically to spread Spiritualism, whereas before they only talked about it."

### CHAP. V.

#### GREATHEART AS AN ALMS-GIVER.

"Well, God mend all.  
—Say I by God Donald, but we must help him to mend it!"  
SIR DAVID LISBAY.

As my charge has many novel theories and practices with regard to alms-giving, I will endeavor to show them up. Although, as will appear, he does it in a very eccentric manner, he really gives away more money than many noted philanthropists, possessed of ten times his income. Quite fresh in my recollection are the incidents of a charitable excursion he undertook about the time of which the last chapter treats; (my narration began with the month of October, 1853.)

It was a cold December morning, when the kind-souled man "feeling moved," as he worded it, "to go a pauper hunting," started out about ten in the morning; and betook himself first as a necessary preparation to Fifth Avenue. As usual, I was intent upon the curious working of his mind.

The clearest idea that his mind seemed to generate for the first few blocks, can be best expressed by the monosyllable *umph!* Then the thoughts began to assume a more tangible shape. "Well," said he, "I have no quarrel with these people. No doubt they are useful members of society. It was necessary that such houses should be built, and people found who were willing to live in them; and because such sensitive people as myself could not feel at ease in them, while there is so much of human suffering around that money can nullify—that is no reason why we should call those hard names who have a CALL to live in this way; though, to be sure, feeling as we do about the sufferings of humanity, we cannot help battering with all possible energy at the thick ramparts which they have raised around their hearts, to the end that we may get as much money as possible out of them for the needy. Ah, how I long for the return of those good old times, when people who had gone to hear Whitfield preach charity sermons, were forced by his eloquence to borrow from their neighbors, and even cast their rings and breast-pins into the plate!"

He proceeded soliloquizing in this strain, until he reached the store of a friend in Broadway, which is a kind of chatting place for the benevolent. Here he found several such. Salutations being over, the conversation turned upon the usual topics, and one asked Greatheart, "If his heart did not bleed for the poor sufferers whose case was so graphically described in the *Hot Corn* sketches?"

Said he, "you may think it rather inconsistent in me, but the fact is, I don't allow my heart to bleed any more than I can help. If I had, it would have bled to death long ago. I am naturally quite open to horrors; my mind indeed acts as a kind of sponge upon the world of horrors. In my youth, Moloch, the horror God, held me to his bosom like that dagger-studded automaton image we read of, held its shrieking enclasp victims. Yea, I in turn, clasped him, all pierced as I was by his daggers, though every nerve quivered with agony, just as the Romish devotee clasps his thorny crucifix to his bleeding breast. I threw out my sympathies, as it were, toward every distressed person I met, just as some insects will reach out their feelers toward the wick of a candle. Of course an experience like theirs upon such occasions followed. The heart's feelers constantly communicated to it their scorched sensation. Every person communicating to me the news of some terrible mishap, was like the messengers that told Job of the loss of his

family and property, only that whereas messengers came to torture him thus on but one occasion, they come to me every day.

But now, it is far otherwise, for now I can look upon the fearfulest agony without quailing. One principal cause of this change is, that now, I have an abiding sense of the fact, that there occurs nothing in this universe, the sight of which excites that feeling of horror and dismay in God and his high angels. By ever saying to myself when disposed to give way to those feelings in view of some terrible occurrence, 'the All Father and those nearest him see this and remain serene,'—I have gradually got into a state in which I, also, though, feeling the deepest compassion in view of men's miseries, am able to obey to the letter, Paul's injunction, '*Rejoice evermore.*' In short, I may answer your question by saying, *my heart used to bleed at the sight of suffering, now it only weeps. Bleeding destroys: weeping relieves.*"

"Well," answered the other, "though I cannot perfectly understand you, I can see that you are disposed to active exertion in the cause of humanity. If, therefore, you have leisure, I would like to have you come with me this afternoon on some visits to the suffering which I have in view."

"I will go with you gladly," was the reply, "I was in search of charitable objects."

It so fell out that they had a considerable demand made upon their sympathies before reaching that quarter of the city in which the philanthropists' protégées were located. They had gone but a few blocks when a scaffolding gave way just before them, and an Irish laborer lay dying at their feet. He was in horrible torture, but Greatheart quietly arranged his mangled limbs, and with unruffled countenance held him till his friends took charge of him. Then resuming his companion's arm he said, "I never could be satisfied in younger days with merely agonizing over their sufferings who happened to be stricken down before me. I said to myself, if there is anything to be horror struck about, it is the existence of misery, not the mere sight of it. So that if it is worth my while to go into hysterics at the sight of a broken limb, I ought, as a reasonable being, to keep up an incessant hysteria; since to my certain knowledge the shrieks of millions of sufferers are every moment piercing the air."

"Taking it for granted, then, that it was right for me as had been my wont to make myself miserable over such woes as came to my notice—according to the above exceedingly reasonable theory, I began to set my thoughts wandering up and down the earth *not hunting*. In successive moments I would be dying of thirst with the travellers through Sahara's desert, of cold on St. Bernard, of plague, leprosy or cholera in Asia, &c."

"But such enormous evils are apt to cure themselves. There came a glorious revulsion. In a word, I came to the conclusion that there was nothing in the list of possible occurrences, which ought to be sufficiently appalling to the man truly 'baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire,' to throw him off his balance, or give him the horrors. David knew that this feeling was when he said, 'therefore we will not fear though the earth be removed, though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea.'"

[To be continued.]

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

### NEW YEAR'S EVE—1850.

Back, back, memory rolls through five successive years! On that New Year's Eve, I was sister to an elder brother. Ere morn opened her eye of rosy light, the form of that brother was forever hid from our sight, and his Spirit had returned to God who gave it.

The liquid element which wrapped our dwelling in sheets of living flame cared not to pause in its onward course as it came in contact with its prostrate form, or to stay its progress, to select, to us, less valuable, but enveloped his body in its raging fury, seized upon his apparel, curled around his limbs, played with his hair, danced upon his cheek, kissed his lip, ate out his eyes, licked up his blood, fed upon his vitals, consuming and reducing, till nought was left for us to behold save a blackened, charred mass of unsightly flesh, loathsome and unseemly, a few calcined, crumbling bones, and a handful of floating, scattered ashes!

That fatal hour, unknown was to him, Death's Door! Awakened by light and flame, he threw his garments on, aroused the household by his cry of "Fire! Fire!" passed and re-passed into the street, to return again and meet his fiery doom!—"Lost! Lost!" he repeated, and full! O, what were all earth's vanities to him as he lay writhing and gasping in suffocation upon the floor of that room? "Will no one save me? Will no one come to save me? Must I die here alone?" Alas, no one could save there; no one heard there, for no one knew that *thou wert there!* and thy call, if thou didst make, passed in silence with thy Spirit away, unheeded mid crashing timbers, falling fragments, flying cinders, and cracking, hot, smouldering embers.

Yes, brother, thou art gone;—yet methinks even now, I hear a voice whispering, "Be ye ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, ye may go also!"

Where, O where, exists that Spirit now? or exists it at all? Who may know? who may tell? May not man inquire? Is it wrong for him to seek this knowledge? Would he be inexcusable did he not seek it? Who shall dare to say, that friend to friend never seems dearer than when the severing chord parted, the soul ceases to animate the form, and the silent dead is gazed upon with awe and dread, mingled with love and veneration? How may we inquire, where goeth the Spirit of our

friend; doth it still recognize me, will it still love me, will it still continue to watch over me, will it be unto me ever a guiding star, and may I hope to unite my songs of praise with this one who has gone before, when I too shall pass away? To whom shall we cite the question? Who shall decide for us? Another! Another knoweth no more of the Spirit of man than ourselves! Another! and who gave that other power to know, and not us! May we not know, too? What hindereth us from being baptized, also, since there is water enough?

Who shall limit the depths of the stream? Who shall measure its contents or give its dimensions? May not man ever continue to explore? Shall he be contented to rest upon past revelations?—Where rests the Spirit? Surely not in the bosom of man. There it is ever active. And shall it rest in the cold earth's bosom through countless ages; then to be resurrected, animated, again to take upon itself its ashes, and to be formed anew?—Where rests this hypothesis? Upon the mistaken ideas of a few ignorant men and women, who mistook the words of the Great Apostle of Life, and who supposed that dust to dust, limb to limb, would again be reunited. The scattered ashes passed into other organisms and become inherent particles in their organizations, were believed to be but the power of God in disuniting processes of combinations, so that no part should be lost, and yet all restored again to their primitive state. *Are these things so?* It behooves us to carefully inquire. If my brother's ashes are again to become living flesh, his heart to pulsate again with arterial blood, whence the particles collected, which have since become the regenerating process of a plant, which has nourished an animal, and that animal's flesh again entered into the organization of a man, and become *his* existence, *his* life, and contributes to constitute *him* a thinking, intellectual being, endowed with peculiarities, and made up of the particles of life fed from the ashes of this organization of my brother? How blend the two? How can they be separated? Why, God can do all things, may be answered; he can divide as well as separate, and separate as well as divide. He can again clothe the body as well as first to make it from the dust of the earth,—that earth and all in it, being formed from nothing.

To meet such an argument requires a long disquisition. I would not attempt it were I able.—But let me return. The form clothed anew at the resurrection morn goes to its final judgment. That judgment is yet to come; consequently all who have died now rest in their graves, and have not yet received their doom. Ages longer must they wait ere they rise, some to everlasting life and others to shame and everlasting contempt. Who, then, is happy; who, then, is miserable? All is yet to be determined, and the oblivious dead lie peacefully in their graves, yet ignorant of the future. If thus, then do the wicked have a respite from their woes, and those long ago deceased have enjoyed a long, calm sleep; and should this judgment day or hour be deferred through an eternity of time, they would have quite a heaven of bliss, since 'tis folly to be wise where bliss is ignorance; so would it be Hell for them to rise, when sleep was quietude. And what of the righteous through all this long night of dark, silent repose? Are they not bereft of all the joys of Heaven, even as are the wicked preserved from their Hell? Methinks a God of wrath would suffer his anger to boil more furiously than thus to requieve the wicked. Methinks a God of love would exercise his goodness more lavishly than thus to deprive his *loved*, obedient children, of all the privileges of Heaven through such a long night of annihilated bliss. But perhaps I am in error, and am met with the problem, "We do not believe they do lie in their graves; we believe that the dead immediately go to their final reward or punishment."

How, then, I am more puzzled than ever. I can not conceive of the utility of a second judgment, or a general judgment day, or the *possibility* of one even. For all being then fixed, the righteous in heaven, the wicked in hell, how can they be taken from their abodes, again to mingle and be judged, as if sentence had not been already passed upon them more effectually in their consignment than any verdict from word of mouth from the inexorable Judge could render it? The effect has already taken place, the sentence been executed, and where the necessity of a trial and a condemnation after the execution of the sentence has gone into effect? This problem I am not able to solve. Perhaps I do not understand the case, and am not competent to judge. If I have not stated it as generally believed by the Evangelical Churches, will some one correct me and be so condescending as to enlighten me upon the subject? The second judgment I never could understand, and would be happy now to gain some further knowledge of it. Perhaps Mr. Logan Sleeper, of St. Louis, Mo., can inform me.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have made quite an offset from my first paragraph, and will again change my subject to one more interesting to your readers.

I refer to the article published in the Spiritualist selected from the California Pioneer. The theory there exhibited has long been mine, and the practical part I was about to say, I had even realized in my experience;—but I would not wish to be understood that I had died and been resurrected, but I have truly in my own self, when by disease laid low, felt the breathings of another world, and seen that the suspension of consciousness would not be mine, were the soul then to take its departure. I could fill a volume upon this interesting point, but I forbear. But I would invite the attention of all to this fact: when falling asleep, we suspend our

consciousness, only while the breath is taken in once, hence the mind is active continuously. Why then, do we not know it, it may be inquired? Because that depends upon another faculty of the mind conversant with memory, and we are not conscious that we are conscious. Thus it is with clairvoyants, who are unconscious; and thus it is with the individual who passes through the death struggle. This to many may seem untrue and unphilosophical, hence they cannot rationally endorse the facts elucidated in the article referred to. To me, there is nothing mysterious connected with it, and should I hear to-night, that these facts *did not* occur, and that the whole statement was a hoax, yet would I affirm the *possibility* of the case, and attempt its explanation. Now I am not over credulous, but have always been accused of incredulity, where marvellousness was concerned; and much surprise has been expressed by my friends, that I, such a disbeliever in all the invisibles of other spheres, could ever become a Spiritualist. I may reply to them that the lack of marvellousness in Spiritualism is the very reason why I believe it.—I see nought in it that common sense cannot freely understand and that reason cannot fathom. Aught else is not received into my vocabulary. Not that I readily comprehend every phase of the Spiritual manifestations, but I interiorly behold the workings of a principle sufficiently broad to support all the phenomena of the Universe, and that, too, without attributing to God any of the fickle plans of a child, or the horrid motives of a demon.

I see no reason why Infinite wisdom cannot contravene all the laws of Nature; hence, I would not be surprised to learn that a Spirit after its departure, returned and dressed its own body for the grave, prepared the grave for its reception and even buried itself by casting the clods of earth over it; that, too, in so nice and exact a manner that no one would suspect that one grain of the dust or particle of the earth had ever been displaced. This, to many may seem like moonshine, and I may be called a visionist, or even a "monomaniac;" but my friend, *we yet know but very little of the great power which mind possesses over matter.* When these laws are better understood, then shall we be able to comprehend in a slight degree, how the will-power can cure diseases, how it can raise the supposed dead, how it can still the raging tempest of wind and waves, of matter, as well as the tempest of mind, the soul, and we shall further understand those old Scripture accounts called miracles, which have so long set at defiance the researches of science, and been food only for the fabulous and superstitious. Then shall we be able to reduce even these to a science, and the men of letters will not be able to gainsay, or the skeptical devotees of supernaturalism to sneer down their truthfulness. All this lies far in the future! These things must be demonstrated! Prophecy will not suffice, and I will desist lest I grow tedious and weary you. But, O, consoling thought! these things are hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes! O, rejoice my soul, that thou art a babe in the wisdom of this world, that thou may'st be a giant in the wisdom of the Spiritual, even the mysteries of godliness! I thank thee, O Father, that thus it is, else, babe as I am, I should even now be perishing for the want of this daily bread of Spiritual knowledge, upon which I continually feast! Thy Son, even Jesus, opened the way, and into its foldings I have entered to find the everlasting life of its revelations. O, Peace, thou divine handmaid of Life, I invoke thee and into thy arms will I fall, and under thy wing ever rest, and trust that the divine principle of everlasting love will unite me to all that I hold dear on earth, all that is dear in heaven, all that is worthy of thought in time and eternity. Amen!

E. E. GIMSON.

Ridge, N. H., New Year's Eve, 1850.

DICKENS'S OPINION OF BEING IN EARNEST.—I feel as if it were not for me to record, even though this manuscript is intended for no eyes but mine, how hard I work at that tremendous short-hand, and all improvement appertaining to it, in my sense of responsibility to Dora and her aunts. I will only add, to what I have already written of my perseverance at this time of my life, and of a patient and continuous energy which I know to be a strong part of my character, if it have any strength at all, that there, on looking back, I find the source of my success. I have been very fortunate in worldly matters; many men have worked much harder, and not succeeded half so well; but I never could have done what I have done, without the habits of punctuality, order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels, which I then formed. Heaven knows I write this in no spirit of self-laudation. The man who reviews his life, as I do mine, in going on here, from page to page, had need to have been a good man, indeed, if he would be spared the sharp consciousness of many talents neglected, many opportunities wasted, many erratic and perverted feelings constantly at war within his breast, and defeating him. I do not hold one natural gift, I dare say, that I have not abused.—My meaning simply is, that whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; that whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that, in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can claim immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end.—There is no such thing as such fulfillment on this earth. Some happy talent, and some fortunate opportunity, may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand wear and tear; and there is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness. Never to put my hand to anything, on which I could throw my whole self; and never to effect depreciation of my work, whatever it was; I find, now, to have been my golden rules.

## THE WAY SOME EDITORS CRITICISE.

It would seem from a certain class of facts, that some minds, like the eyes of some animals, are so constituted that they see best and only in the dark, which precludes the possibility of their seeing many of the beauties of the world. Were there any doubt of this, the many silly issues made on Reform in general, and Spiritualism in particular, must have convinced the observing mind that great obliquity of mental vision must be natural to certain persons, since they select the darker side of men and things in preference to their happier relations, deeming this no doubt the way to enjoy "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Mrs. O'Scullie, in the farce of "Poor Pillecoddly," we take as a good type of this family, since both seek happiness in wishing it to be known that they are the "most miserable beings in the world." It would be the severest necessity of an unfortunate organization that would allow a man or woman to go through life seeking "darkness rather than light," when the love of good that cast out all fear should warm the soul into living charity and prompt the mind to look for the "silver lining that softens the severity of experience as well as shows the presence of good in everything."

Nevertheless, daily experience and some of our "exchanges" convince us there are a few of this class remaining, for if darkness exists, or misconception is possible, it will find in them a home and a welcome.

Spiritualists are as free to speak of as they are apt to see the occasional follies that come with age or that phase of development, but that such should be considered as characteristic of the whole, it were absurd to think and satirical to represent.

The law of charity should be fundamental to all criticism, since there are "none perfect," but in the absence of "charity that suffereeth long and is kind," all who are subject to criticism, have the right to expect justice and good sense. Yet, there are those of the press, the pulpit, and general society, who seldom, if ever, allow an occasion to pass without torturing sense, reason, and christian faith, if in so doing, they can make Spiritualism obnoxious to the popular sense.

The following, which we clip from the N. H. "Stars and Stripes" may be "nuts" to the reader, and no doubt the Spiritualist will consider the editor of said paper a very far-sighted or else a very stupid "individual" for making the discovery.

FREE LOVEISM.—The latest ism is Free loveism, which is a new development of Spiritualism, and against which the Rev. Adin Ballou warns the Spiritualists. He regards it as the suggestion of "semi-supernatural" Spirits. These supernaturals are teaching their ready believers doctrines touching marriage, and divorce and love, which are something more than semi-supernatural. They lead to what Mr. Ballou styles "Spirit-ecstasy," but which other people are apt to call by names that do not look over well in print.

We had hoped since the failure of the New York Daily Tribune to fasten the stigma of "free loveism" on to Spiritualism, that all "meaner things" would permit the subject to rest and rot into oblivion, but we were mistaken, judging from the above. We would advise our friend of the *spectrum* to get "posted," since ignorance cannot be bliss, where an editor is expected to be wise. When that event takes place, the editor of the Stars and Stripes will learn that his statement is not only *false in fact*, but he is doing historic violence to the philosophers *par excellence* that made the stupendous discovery, that all marriage was *useless* because *some* were unhappy.

For the timely caution of Dr. Ballou, many of the Spiritual family are very thankful, but we have to see the authority yet that can make Spiritualism responsible for so monstrous an evil as free loveism.

The next item comes from "away down South," and gives us some startling intelligence on "hallucinations of the nineteenth century." We clip from the Mobile Weekly News as follows:

THE HALLUCINATIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—In a town not a dozen miles from Boston, there is a female who claims to cure various kinds of sickness by the laying on of the hands, and who has many patients, some coming from a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. When a person applies, she inquires of her "Spiritual doctor" if a cure can be effected, and if the answer is favorable, proceeds in her manipulations. She has many believers.

Now in all probability, the writer of this is a geographical believer in the Bible, if not a christian in theory, and would be very much offended if we pronounced him "infidel" in fact or tendency, and yet the curing of disease "by the laying on of hands," yea, by a "touch," is a very common doctrine in the New Testament. The observances of most of the churches retain this among its *formae*, even where form is generally ignored, so consonant is it to the facts in history and the traditions of every nation. But "facts" with a certain class of reasoners only go to convict the parties of ignorance, since it holds good in this code as in common law, "that the greater the truth, the greater the libel," or what is the same thing, when Spiritualism and Religion are concerned, the greater the fact, the more stupid the people. Of course, these are a very *progressed* people, somewhat if not extensively known as the "facts," and no doubt related to the "facts."

The next item is from the Walworth County Reporter, and is marked by good sense, whatever the writer may think of Spiritualism. We do not know the editor of this paper, but we do know that in his reflections on the developments of Spiritualism he is generally logical, candid and truthful. We shall be happy some day to know him as a Spiritualist, but whether he believes or disbelieves, the good sense of the following will be plain to all.

EFFECTS OF SPIRITUALISM.—The Wisconsin has a paragraph under this head, in which it is related that a Mrs. Thayer, of Wyoming county, Pa., committed suicide by hanging herself—that she had lost her children, and in a fit of insanity hung herself. Then it is attributed to Spiritualism, because she had been taken up of late, with the "developments of Spiritualists." This must be the effect of Spiritualism, of course. No allowance is to be made for the effects of such a misfortune as losing her children on the mind of the poor distracted and disconsolate mother.

But in the same paper we find another of a different character, as follows:

DANGEROUS LUNATIC.—Yesterday afternoon, Archibald Henderson, a long bearded man, was found in West Broadway, flourishing a formidable sword, much to the danger of any who approached him. He was taken into custody by Officer Fowler, of the fifth ward, and on being arraigned before Justice Bogart, informed that functionary that he had been commissioned by the Almighty to slay 29,000 men on that day and he meant to do it.—N. Y. M.

This is not pretended to be the work of Spiritualism. The man was crazy, though. It might have been in consequence of his reading some

other book or books. This man thought himself under the guidance of the Almighty—not the spirits. What made him crazy? It might as well have been herded. The effects of believing in an Almighty. Weak logic, isn't it?

The extracts will convince the reader that "harmony of views" is not to be found in the editorial, more than the ministerial family; but we have one more item, which we think will surprise some of our readers. We take it from the Advent Review, and is summed up in the following comprehensive statement: "MAN NOT IMMORTAL: the only shield against the seductions of MODERN SPIRITUALISM."

Now, this statement, short as it is, comprises the *path, marrow, and backbone*, of a number of long and singularly constructed articles against Spiritualism, which have appeared in the "Advent Review," under the above heading, which had their origin in assumption, expanded into assertion, and terminated in the annihilation of all sense, reason, and philosophy. Very naturally the soul should share the same fate, for when you take *reason* and philosophy from the soul, "the divinity that dwells within," will have but a poor chance for immortality.

Surely, if ever there was need of divine interpreters to save the world from confusion worse confounded, the present condition of the theological world would justify the Spirits in doing almost any thing that would have the happy effect of waking men from their Spiritual stupor. Notwithstanding the easy manner with which the Review disposes of Spiritualism, we find the following statement of progress in its columns:

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.—It is computed that nearly two millions of people in our nation, together with hundreds of thousands in other lands, are already believers in Spiritualism. No less than twelve or fourteen periodicals are devoted to the publication of its phenomena and the dissemination of its principles. Nearly each succeeding week brings, through the press, some new book, treating exclusively on this subject. Every day, and much more than daily, lectures are given in the presence of audiences quite respectable as to both numbers and character. Circles are held by day and by night, in nearly every city, town and village throughout our country.

The consolations of this annihilation theory must have a strange pleasure for the "Saints," for it begs sense to conceive how any, not related to the savage or the anti-human family, could find consolation in such a faith. Yet this is the *antidote* to modern Spiritualism, and consequently the "only shield against the seductions of" "Spirit-intercourse."

The only way to bring light into this darkness is by giving *facts*, attested not only by the authority of the senses, but sanctioned by the *intuitions* of the soul. Thanks to the age, and the "ministry of the Angels," that light has come, and millions "rejoice ever more" in the "glad tidings," which is fast getting to be "of great joy to all people." Thanks to the simplicity of the agents used, the truth of man's immortality is henceforth a *fact* in Spiritual science, since the testimony of the martyred dead, the hopes and aspirations of the race, the inductions of sound reason and the voice of intuition, all harmonize with the "seductions of modern Spiritualism," and bespeak for the soul a *divine immortality* in "another and a better world." In the light of that eternity all errors will be corrected, and all doubts be put to rest, since faith and philosophy declare that "God shall be all and in all."

## MISS E. JAY.

The lecture at Dodworth's Academy last Sunday, was delivered by this young lady while in the abnormal condition.

Her manner is earnest, but subdued; while in tone of voice and gesture she is impressive and simple. The delivery of the lecture occupied an hour and a quarter, and was listened to by an intelligent and appreciating audience.

It was an elaborate answer to the question of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and set forth the presumptive and *demonstrative* evidence of immortality in an orderly and convincing manner. The case with which the lecture was delivered was second only to the clearness of conception and consequentness of thought by which the whole effort was made, a most striking and impressive exhibition of Spirit-power.

The merits of the argument we will leave for the reader to infer, as we shall give the lecture next week, believing that it will be suggestive, though it may fail to convince all.

Mr. C. Partridge at the close of the lecture, remarked that he considered the discourse to which he had just listened as little short of a *miracle*, although he did not believe there ever had or could be a miracle *strictly* speaking. That a young lady not over 18 years of age should speak for an hour and a quarter, in such an eloquent manner, with such logical and philosophical clearness, was evidence to him of a power not natural to the education or mentality of the speaker. Still, *mediumship* was in its infancy, and he felt called on to make these remarks, as he had introduced the medium to the meeting.

Gov. Tallmadge made a few remarks to the effect, that he had been surprised at the depth of philosophy, and delighted with the eloquence he had heard through the medium while in Troy.

If we understood correctly, Miss Jay is about to commence a lecturing tour, and will no doubt be happy to cooperate with such as would be glad to hear her.

## J. B. DODS.

We have commenced the publication of a series of twelve letters to this "notorious individual," not so much with the hope of converting him to Spiritualism, as to show the many ways Spiritualism ultimates itself from various STAND-POINTS. The Catholic and tolerant Spirit they breathe, cannot fail to do good to the reader, whatever he may think of the argument; since it should be the delight of the charitable and truth-loving critic, to find good in everything and person. Since the publication of these letters has commenced, we have received a printed circular addressed to "Editors," which not only reflects on the moral character of Dr. Dods, but makes charges of so positive and personal a nature, that we are not only surprised, but *pained*. Of the truth of these charges we know nothing, and therefore can say nothing; but even if we did, it does not appear to us as *advisable*, to bring these charges before the public.

As we understand Spiritualism and the teachings of Jesus, we believe that love and charity should be in life as they are in the Gospel, the cardinal virtues of character. We do not like, therefore, the circular that came to us, because it is retailing the *past*, to the detriment of the present character and standing of the individual. He may have been guilty of all that is here stated, but it is not for us to say, that light and knowledge may not have come to him, by *virtue* of which he has become "a new man in Christ Jesus." If, however, Dr. Dods is still living as set forth in the circular, the charge should be made *public*, and not circulated in private, for the one, however painful it may be in bringing a person before the bar of public opin-

ion, has the redeeming virtue of *fair dealing* and *candor*; while the other is morally, legally, and religiously defective. We look upon the entire system of social gossip by which so many have had their "life's life hid away," as most destructive to good faith, social intercourse, and general harmony. This "I'll tell you a secret, if you won't let it go any further," is giving power to the malicious and cowardly, by often sacrificing judgment and conscience on the brazen assumptions of slander and falsehood.

Among the revolutions that must come ere the long hoped-for and prayed-for future shall arrive, we know of none more needed or more likely to be efficacious of good, than the one that shall make *honesty* marketable, so that if justice and candor demand plain truth to be told, that it may not be ruled out of court by interested parties as *impertinence*. DIVINE JUSTICE as well as the practical ends of law require that the truth should be told, but both make it imperative that it should be told in the *love* of truth. Without this latter qualification, it is not only actionable at law, but destructive of all good; for, whatever may be said of the love of gossip, few fail to see the littleness and malignity of the man or woman that tortures sense to make it speak the language of insinuation, implication, or slander.

We had no intention of extending these comments but to say in so many words, we have no sympathy with the Spirit of *censure* and condemnation, which converts social ethics into a body-guard of the meanest interests, by which the offending party is kept in some popular purgatory, because, forsooth, "once a sinner always a sinner."

No, if thou hast aught against thy brother, go to him, and if he will not hear thee, and the nature of the case makes it worthy of further comment, let your action be direct, open, and manly. By this means, scandal is disarmed, malignity deprived of its venom, while distributive justice still lives to be a "terror to all evil doers." The government of God as well as the social harmony of society require that such should be the conduct of all, when duty demands such stern service from us, but in this, as in all the rotations of life, magnanimity as well as the Gospel teaches us to "deal gently with the erring."

## STARTLING PHENOMENA.

The following letter will in some degree help the reader to understand the seeming mystery in the rapid development and spread of Spiritualism.—When it comes to pass that nearly whole families are mediums, (it makes little matter for the time being, whether the phenomena is of "a high or low character," since the first of all questions is to ascertain if it be *phenomena* or trickery), the spread of the phenomena is inevitable. Who can help believing in what he sees and hears, the more when these things are done in and by the members of his or her own family? And yet a bigoted and ignorant party Spirit would have it understood that all such exhibitions of Spiritual development are the results of trick, humbug, or superstition. We hope our friends in favoring us with reports of like developments to this, will be as particular as possible to give us such *detail* of the *habits* and *culture* of the mediums, as much light is needed in this department of observation. Too much attention cannot be given to the study of mediums for a time, as one of the most important and necessary branches of Spiritual philosophy will ultimately in that which explains the nature, and harmonizes the cosmos by which the development of the medium can be made educational to a higher and more practical unfolding of Spirit-life. The time has come, when we may expect this, since nearly every phase of manifestation has been developed, and that so frequently, that explanation must come to save it from becoming mechanical and anti-Spiritual.

We have long thought it would be a benefit to science, if every medium were subject to a thorough phrenological and physiological examination, in order that classification might result from comparing the heads, &c., of the mediums with the phenomena or communications produced. It is only by some such method that order will come to this department of Nature, for if the "development" is according to and produced by "Law," then it must become a part of and incorporated with Spiritual anthropology and the science of human development. We have the promise of the Spirits that all this will be plain, so that none need be deterred by fear of *mystery* or the apprehension of *irrelevance*.

Aside all this, the mind owes it to itself, that it seeks for such explanation, since it is now generally understood that life is a "unit," and therefore these "phases" should in some degree be incorporated in the make up of character, which it is believed will be functional to the developed man and woman of the future. Be that however as it may, it must be obvious that we need closer observation and more method in getting at the philosophy of mediumship.

WHEELING, (Va.) Dec. 28th, 1854.

MR. EDITOR.—Spiritualism and Reform are taking a considerable hold here of late, and there are now a few mediums. The jumping of the table calls up a great many anxious minds and gazing eyes, and some that have attempted to hold it down have been thrown across the house. In that and through such testimony, some have become believers. There is one girl here that is a very good medium, and the table always jumps when she lays her hand upon it for that purpose. But we are warning books here very much.

January 13th, 1855. Since writing the above, we have been astonished by some Spiritual manifestations here in this part of the city.

We went to read to an old man not far off the other evening, and I staid in another room with the children. I believe it was some good Spirit that put it in my head to call the children all round the stand, for I never before got a family of children so still and attentive as these. In about fifteen minutes, there were plenty of raps, then we all listened till the table or stand began to bounce. Before it raised, I had them one after another take off their hands, and in this way I found that there were three mediums among the children. The stand was now bouncing in a wonderful manner, and they never seeing the like before, were completely astounded.

The old man now stepped forward and took the command of the stand, and ordered it about the house as some men would drive a yoke of oxen, and it would do whatever it was commanded to do. Some of the neighbors were called in while the table was chasing him round the house. He ordered it to stand upon one leg, then the other, saying, now shake it, shake it harder, and I don't care if you break it, (which was done at the last.) Then he would try to hold it, and then order the Spirit to shake it. While this was going on, it caused great confusion. The children laid their hands on the chairs, and they began to rock in a wonderful manner, then the stool. I looked and saw a great long kitchen table, very heavy, say eight feet long.

I said to the children, try that, and two or three went to it, and in three minutes it was bounding. In the confusion, the old man looked up and said: O! did I ever see such a time since I was born of a woman! He kept having these exclamations over for five hours, or till eleven at night. I got upon the big table and it threw me off.—There were two tables, one stool, one or two chairs, all moving with great power and confusion. We never saw such a night before. At last, we got it a little quiet, and the table began to answer questions. The Spirit was none of our connections.

Questions Is this a General? Ans. Yes.  
Q. Is this Napoleon Bonaparte? A. Yes.  
Q. Have you made all this fuss for our diversion? A. Yes.  
Q. Can't you find bigger business than this? A. No.

These and many other questions were answered. I don't pretend to say that they are all true, but if it was him, he made things move about as rapid as he did on earth. He said he had made a prophecy about the war, and it would come to pass. The mediums here are hindered from laying their hands on the table. Is it not cruel that old priestcraft will hinder us from communing with Spirits, when every denomination has said in their prayers and hymns, "Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, with all thy quickening powers."

I would like to say to all the Spirit-friends, don't give up the ship! Holy Spirits have put a hand to, and have helped us to launch one that will navigate the globe, and carry the passengers safe.—But are you afraid to say that you are going aboard of that ship? If you are, I am sorry, for the most of those that I have seen are the most enlightened, the most open hearted and frank of any men and women that I have ever known. O! may all good men jump on board of this ship, for these men are free thinkers, that can pray in knowledge, truth, and light. O! how beautiful for the man that has been in darkness to feel the scales of the superstition fall off, and a new and heavenly light beam upon his eyes. Let us all now show to the world that "whereas we were once blind, now we see."

LUTHER SLAYTON.

## DID NOT THE SPIRITS KNOW OF THE HOAX?

We should say they did, for if the following proves anything, it is, that either the company had so much regard for the Bible as to stop humbugging in the supposed presence of that "book of books," or else the Spirits, knowing the deception of the tester, would not cooperate with him. In the former case, there could not have been much "infidelity" in the "circle," in the latter, the Spirits acted just right; since skepticism and trickery are ever answered by them, according to the folly of the deceiver. "Measure for Measure," seems to be the law of Spiritual equilibrium.

SPIRITS AND TABLE MOVING.—A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, in describing some experiments he recently witnessed, says: "The table being put in rapid motion, a Bible folded in paper was placed upon it, when the table stopped instantly, and could not be induced to go again so long as the precious volume remained upon it. The Bible was removed, and a copy of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' placed in its stead, when the table revolved as before. A prayer book was tried with like results; and the whole service of the Church of England failed to arrest its rotary motion. Whilst it was still revolving with considerable velocity, the Bible was again and again substituted, but with exactly the same results. After repeating these experiments several times one of the party suggested that the Bible should be unfolded and opened, to try if some portions of it were more powerful than others. This was done; when lo! and behold! what had been believed to be the Bible, proved to be a copy of *Gulliver's Travels*! Fancy the consternation of the operators at this discovery, (the hoax only being known to one of the party.) I may add the experiment was again tried, but Gulliver exposed, had lost its power."

## MOVEMENTS FOR THE POOR.

Whatever may be said of the policy which has resulted in bringing misery and suffering to so many of the poor of this and other cities, it must not be overlooked that great sympathy has been called out, and many practical measures are in process of development for the good of those unfortunate. It may be, that the *lesson* of this winter is to be the means of developing humanity more than if success had followed on success, since it is too common a thing for men to allow themselves to become excessively *proud* and *opinionated* by triumph, while disappointment and failure cannot fail but teach the lesson of dependence and humility. The general peace of this Nation, and the consequent increase in trade of all kinds, the extension of commerce on land and sea, and the general business of society, can not have failed to make us not only a "fast nation," but somewhat hasty and extravagant in our general business enterprises. Still, hope is ever on the side of strength, so that where sympathy is as ready and action as prompt to attend to the calls of distress as is manifested in the present movements for the poor, the good will that has so long sweetened social intercourse while faithfully attending to the business needs of life, will only be the *stronger* and more enduring, by knowing that in the hour of need, humanity will be true to itself, and to those who may be called to suffer at such times.

For the benefit of those of our readers who may not see the daily papers, we give the following extract from the Evening Express of Friday, that they may know how general the feeling is in behalf of the poor.

STEWART'S (SOUP) WAITERS—A NEW BUSINESS FOR NEW HANDS.

The waiters, whom we described in our last as well dressed waiters, in Stewart's splendid establishment, were his own clerks, and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were among them. The lady dealt out the first plates of soup herself. The gentlemen, whose hands had been accustomed to handle only the richest laces, silks, satins, &c., dispensed the soup to the poor with just as much grace as they had dealt out their costly articles to the rich. Such attentions as these to suffering humanity do human nature honor. There were relieved on Thursday, 488 persons.

THE CORN EXCHANGE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE POOR.

The subscriptions made by the members of the New York Corn Exchange, amounting to \$4,000, have been distributed: a fifth, or \$800 to the Brooklyn association, for the relief of the poor of that city. The balance, \$3,200 to the New York Association for improving the condition of the poor of this city.

MOVEMENT AMONG THE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

The National Fire Insurance Company of this city, with the consent of the stockholders, have presented \$125 to the "New York Association for the improvement of the Condition of the Poor," and \$50 to the "Brooklyn Association for the improvement of the Condition of the Poor." It is understood that this example will be followed by other Companies.

THE LADIES' BALL FOR THE POOR.

In accordance with a call, an adjourned meeting of the "Committee of managers for the Ladies' Ball for the Relief of the Poor," was held at St. Nicholas Hotel last evening, Mr. Depeyster in the chair. Mr. Phalon, from the Committee on Tickets, reported

ed progress and submitted a draft for a ticket, of which the following is a copy:

LADIES' BALL.  
FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR.  
OF THE  
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, JAN. 17, 1855.  
Dancing to commence at eight o'clock.

Mr. P. further remarked that 5,000 tickets, would be printed and distributed among the Hotels and Book stores for sale.

Mr. J. W. Gerard was in favor of having 15,000 printed, and distributed for sale everywhere.

On motion the Committee were empowered to increase the number of tickets to 10,000 or 15,000, as might be deemed expedient.

Mr. Gerard, from the Committee on Music and Police, reported that the Committee had engaged Monck's Band, fifty-four pieces, at five dollars per piece, and that they also proposed to engage a military band (perhaps the Government Band) to play marches, &c., so that the expense of the music would be about \$480. Adopted.

The Committee on Hall and Floor reported that they had engaged the Academy of Music for the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 17, with fire, lights, &c., for \$500. They also reported a rule. That it be not considered a rule of this ball, that the floor Managers are bound to furnish persons attending with partners for the dance. Adopted.

The subject of the distribution of tickets was then taken up. Mr. Gerard moved that fifty tickets be sent to each manager for sale, with a circular requesting them to report progress at a meeting to be held on the 13th. It was agreed that the price of tickets be \$2, each, whether for a gentleman or lady.

After the transaction of some further business the meeting adjourned.

## TEMPERANCE.

It has long been a study with us, to know practically the wisdom of Paul's advice in being "temperate in all things," that we may not be a good "prohibitionist," although a temperance advocate. This does not come from any dislike to the temperance movement, but from the fact that we have never been able to see far into the mysteries of the law. We have great confidence, however, in good sense and progress, and where the former is father to the latter, we know that good must come of it. We are willing, therefore, to act in faith, nothing doubting but good sense will inspire true men and women with the necessary wisdom to make this law what it should be, for though we may fail to see now the wisdom of prohibition, still the commonest kind of sense has long since said, the thing should be tolerated for the sake of experiment. Of the excesses of city life there can be but one opinion where the facts are known, and known they should be, since they have spoken "trumpet tongue" to all classes of society for many, many years.

The publication of the Prohibitionist will help the discussion, as it will give facts, arguments and statistics that cannot fail to bring the subject home to the souls and general interests of men. We commend the following "prospectus" to all, and hope success will follow the efforts of prohibition, until men are temperate in all things.

PROSPECTUS OF VOLUME SECOND, (commencing 1st of January, 1855.) The Prohibitionist, published monthly, by the Executive Committee of the New York State Temperance Society; W. H. Burleigh, Correspondent Secretary of the Society, Editor; assisted by a Corps of able Contributors.

It is printed in the folio form, on a double medium sheet, making eight large four-columned pages to a number.

It advocates the cause of Temperance generally, and especially the Legislative prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating beverages.

It is National in its spirit, scope, and aim; we shall endeavor to make it National also in its circulation and influence.

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O. SCOVILL, Publishing Agent,  
Albany, N. Y.

## LETTER TO DR. DODS.

NO. IV.

You may calmly inquire of me, why I thus beseege you. I do not beseege you, nor yet your opinions; but wish, in connection with them, to elicit thought. This is why I appear as an assailant of you, your principles and your advanced ideas. We are both fellow travellers on the highway of life, and life is equally dear to us; and our pursuits in the life are the same to one as to the other.

We cannot veil our faces and pass through life masked; we must see, and see for ourselves. We cannot produce an instance where one person lives for another, however much the continuance of life may depend upon the relative conditions of one to the other; hence I feel justified in giving my views, which are the results of my experiences, whether in opposition to, or confirmation of, yours, that good may result in the comparison of the two conjointly presented.

Allow me then again to express my entire satisfaction in your method of treating the subject—"Spirit-Manifestations." I am pleased with the tone of your remarks even, where you consider the manifestations as striking directly at the heart of Christianity. You are sincere and honest, I perceive, in your statement, and regret with real sorrow, the indirect evil of these modern manifestations in the increasing influence of their tendencies to establish and perpetuate infidelity. You are by no means to be blamed for your fears; they naturally arise in your mind from the ideas you have adopted in relation to them, and also from your views relative to the Christian religion. It were impossible for you to feel otherwise in your present existing opinions. You believe that the doctrines of these Spirit-mediums are in direct opposition to the Spirit of the Gospel, since that is "Peace on earth and good will to man," and you consider this to be hate on earth and bad will to man; hell here, and hell hereafter. Time will not permit me to enter into an exposition of the ancient Spirit-manifestations, but I will endeavor, briefly, to give my views of the same, comprising the accepted view of Biblical believers also, including your own and the so-called Christian Church.

While the Church profess to receive the analogical demonstration of Spirit-power recorded in the Bible, they refuse to acknowledge the same proof in the present demonstrations or evidences of the existence of that power; hence it is difficult to convince them that God does manifest Himself as in olden times, and that He does minister unto His people through the mediation of His angels. They wonder not at the marvellous accounts of old, but they gaze and stare at the present philosophical revelations of these accounts, or in other words, they believe that God Almighty in power com-

manded existence into existence, and now, when modern revelations explain how it was done, they hiss the idea, and scout the manner of its presentation as if truth never before has conversed in a similar manner. Let such pause, and consider upon the subject. Let those who refuse to believe that aught is revelation but that which is contained in Holy Writ, remember the injunctions of the Prophets, Jesus Christ, and his inspired Apostles, that after them should arise greater than themselves, who should accomplish greater works than they had had then. If they were true prophets, then must those prophets have arisen, and those "greater works" been accomplished, else are they still to be fulfilled. If the latter, which you and all Christians I believe, admit to be true, then surely must there be "greater revelations to man than those ever yet made known. It is a self-evident truth that the higher the mind, the higher the knowledge emanating through that mind, or from that mind. Then if Nature's truths are revealed through the human mind to the human mind, then must that mind, as it advances, become more and more capable of receiving and imparting higher and higher truths. We have instances of it through all the past. We can but perceive how obscure and mystified were the first revelations made through man in comparison to the revelations made after he had become more advanced in civilization, hence his inspirations vary according as his different degrees of development vary. Deny this who can; it speaks for itself and needs no specification.

The aborigines of a country are not usually conversant with the laws of their being, hence they are not prepared for scientific researches; then how could it be expected that the aborigines of a planet could understand the laws of that planet, the effect of causes and the causes of effect? If the seed be a higher production than the blossom and the fruit, then may we expect that the primitive unfoldments are higher than their productions, their fruits.

If the acorn is a further development of Nature than the stately oak which yearly produces its bushel of this same product, the nut, then may the past revelations, perhaps, be greater than any which are to succeed them.

Man is a progressive being, and as such, must have a progressive revelation. As a natural consequence of progression arises this progressive revelation. He unfolds himself in unfolding Nature, and in applying her to his wants. How can he unfold himself and not increase his conception of himself? If he increases his conceptions of himself, must he not thereby increase his conception of God? As his conceptions of God increase, so must his knowledge of God increase, and as his knowledge of God increases, so must the nature of God's revealed will increase; or in other words, so much higher revelation will he obtain as a natural consequence of his increased knowledge.

There is no revelation aside from the Revelator. The revelation and the Revelator are one. They are inseparably connected. They cannot be separated. God is in all His works and as such reveals Himself. If He be not his own revelator in His words, how is He a revelator? For man knows nothing of Him but what He has revealed to him through the manifestation of Himself in His various operations. The human mind being the highest revelation of which we have any knowledge, should therefore be studied as the highest revelation, or as the highest type of revelation known by man, as having ever been made to man, and in itself should be held sacred as a God, pure as an Angel, and undefined as heaven, the sanctuary of hope and the birthplace of God's immortality, and pure in its virginity.

not be in the atmosphere of love without being impregnated by its influence, and so of every other faculty of the human soul. Now we know we are magnetized, inspired, psychologized, by the various influences as are they in their different nature calculated to inspire, and as are we constituted to partake. When the human soul thus becomes magnetized by a great idea received from some unknown inspiration, then it pours forth its adoration, and within itself sanctions that idea. It cannot for the life of it prevent it! It will come, and it will stay. It may attempt to reason itself out of it, but reason is powerless, for the soul knows. It cannot be convinced by argument, it cannot be intimidated by threats, it cannot be persuaded by love, and if forced to conceal outwardly, by any of these views, or some other, still in itself it knows, and Galileo-like, when it gets off its knees after recantation, it will still affirm, "it moves, though!"

Now this impression may be received through the written revelation of others' ideas, and take to itself a new shape in the form of a new Continent, as in the instance of Columbus, yet it is a magnetized, inspired, or psychologized idea. Now, whence comes it? that is the question. Comes it from the depths of mind unexplored? Comes it from the God of the ancients, a being about the size of a man seated upon an isolated throne, so far from his subjects that a knowledge of their conduct could only be obtained by descending from his lofty pedestal and traversing the circuit of his kingdom, to visit earth in order to find out the doings of his children, at the imminent risk of not finding them,—consequence as they may be under the grapes in the garden, in order to punish or reward for their deeds.

Comes this inspiration directly from this being, or from his various works? Came it anciently from an idea of such a being, and hence the inspiration? Where the idea for the inspiration, you may inquire. Answer, they were their inspirations. As were the Jews, so their inspirations; as the heathen, so their inspirations; as the primitive Church, so their inspirations; as the idea of a God, were the people who inspired that idea of a God.

## Poetry.

And Poetry, too, shall lead her aid,  
Persuading as she sings—  
Scattering o'er your shadowed earth  
Sweet incense from her wings.

### A SPIRITUALIST'S PETITION.

Almighty God, Eternal First,  
By whom the Spirit given is ours;  
Whose word has caused the world to be  
Great, by thy wondrous mystery—  
Oh! make our hearts to know Thee well,  
And by thy power our Spirits swell  
Cutlery reach thy throne of light,  
Sublimed from every earthly blight.

Oh! let thy Spirits hover round,  
Whispering secrets to our ears;  
And every chord attuned to love,  
Bright emblem of our home above.  
And then our souls, from mortal frame free,  
Shall stand in peaceful unity;  
Discerning Thee in meek things,  
Who over all doth radiance bring.

For when the Spirit-leadings tell  
How man, with man, in peace shall dwell,  
Then man must know each earthly one,  
By Thy redeeming love was won;  
And none so mean, but he shall be  
Redeemed by Thy bright light—  
Thy presence on the earth shall reign,  
For man by Thee is cleansed from stain.

The choral shout then loud shall ring,  
And holy love attend the string,  
A jubilee on earth, for ever true,  
Are then achieved eternally.  
And man all glorious knows Thy power  
Empowerment him, 'till the bright hour  
When thou shalt snatch him from earth's night,  
To dwell with Thee—enthroned in light.

The above was given by impression on the morning of December 9, 1854, and occupied about ten minutes in composition. The name given by the impressing Spirit was Bishop Heber, which name was afterwards confirmed by typing. The medium was a female, who has been truthfully given, and before refrains from appearing in print. For himself, the medium would further say, he values communications intrinsically for themselves, and does not think a name increases their value, but on the contrary, is often calculated to injure the cause.

[From the Portland Eclectic.]

### "GOD HELP THE POOR."

BY AMIE.

"God help the poor," says the earnest heart,  
As the weary wind sweeps by;  
"God help the poor," a thousand voices cry,  
Be ye not like the poor—  
"God help the poor," for a fearful thing  
Is clearest poverty.  
God's greatness is manifest  
By his lowly divine;  
He gives to the weary, thirsting soul,  
The "bread of life" and "water of life,"  
But his nature is not to be used of old,  
Where the fainting soul and pale.  
He sends his shining angels round,  
To fill the suffering heart with peace;  
With melody of peace;  
To whisper of mansions prepared afar,  
Where wait and angels dwell.  
Pale poverty lowers her pale face,  
In the "land of the living,"  
The meek and lowly of poverty  
Sweep out on the piercing air,  
And he slays it and hurls it into the waste  
Of boundless he may not share!  
And he says in his heart, "There is no God—  
No God but Death I leave!"  
The wretchedness, the pain and grief on earth,  
For the sorrowful, and the weary cry,  
And there is no kind to save!

Alas! for his faithless stewardship,  
How may the "land of the living" be  
By the kindly, generous deeds of man,  
God's loving hand is shown;  
"Is the light of His face made visible,  
The face on the lowly heart-land!"  
Ay, faith in man works faith in God,  
Where love leaves love's dictates heard,  
It is written "The poor ye always have,"  
And when to ring the bells of death,  
And the blessed working of Charity  
Is an all-sufficient need.

Woe ever shall all forth angel-deeds,  
While life and love endure;  
Though the great "angel" be in the crown,  
God's promises are sure;  
And promises are sure;  
And promises are sure;  
Who loathes the lowly heart-land!

### THE FOUR PHILOSOPHERS.

Four great philosophers  
Came every year;  
They were the great ones,  
Then disappear.  
WISDOM'S STOLE  
From child and heretic  
He sits in the mountain breeze,  
And when to ring the bells of death,  
And the blessed working of Charity  
Is an all-sufficient need.

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## PRAYER AND FAITH.

The reader will find an article on the fourth page of this paper, under the above heading, which we commend to his attention. It seems to have been sent in some sort as a test of our liberality and tolerance, so we hope it will be read by all, as its plain sense is worthy of consideration. We have not the room nor the time to express our views on this subject at present, but we feel confident that friend Winslow has not yet got at "the conclusion of the whole matter." We promise in our next number to make this plain, as we believe in the efficacy of prayer—and thanks to Spiritualism, we think its philosophy is simple and easy to be understood.

J. H. FOWLER.—The Post Office address of this Brother, is Utica, N. Y., for the present month.

## WORDS BY THE WAYSIDE.

Every new era is the unfolding of a higher and better life; the renewal and reinvigoration of mind and heart by influxes from the great central font. It is a rekindling of the dying flame of devotion as by the breath of Heaven, and touching of the faltering lips of the family worshipper with a live coal from celestial altars. It is the rising of another sun upon the path of the benighted traveler who has beheld the waning and obscuring of the uncertain light of moon and stars. 'Tis the ascension of humanity from the misty vale of tradition, or the deep gorges of superstition to the clear mountain heights of living inspiration. There are times and seasons, cycles and evolutions not less in the moral and spiritual than in the natural and organic world. Since God is one and from Him all things proceed, there must be a correspondence between the invisible or world of causes, and the outward or world of ultimates and effects. The natural man can perceive the face of the sky, but cannot discern the signs of the times; after the darkness of the night he expects the cheering beams of the morn. He knows though winter may be numb the outer life and destroy the glory of the fields, that the gentle breath of spring will revive the buried germs, and summer's genial warmth recloth the earth in fairer hues; but he does not understand that the same Divine Hand quickens and reforms the elements of the human spirit. The unreflecting clown anticipates the changes of revolving seasons, but the seer perceives the great moral revolutions in the dim corpse of the heavenly revolution, though the devout heart taught from within, feels that the Lord reneweth the face of the earth, unfolding from age to age the secrets of his wisdom and the wonders of his power.

And yet without this inward renewal, life, even the mere external life would scarcely be possible, certainly not desirable. In the semi-civilization of the Chinese and the effeminate races of Asia, where existence has become fixed and stereotyped in certain arbitrary and mechanical forms, bound in the iron clasp of custom and ritual, because inflexible of new life found no channels through which they could outflow, what have we but a life in death more hateful than utter ruin. We know when through extreme age the vital powers no longer permeate the system that sluggishness, apathy and imbecility must follow; so also comes the decrepitude of nation unless renewed and rejuvenated by Him who first breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life. Therefore, it seems to us that the only deliverance of the civilization and governments of Europe from the fate of the effete and imbecile nations of Asia is through this same bloody revolution which is breaking down the barriers to progress and reform, nor can the churches of christianism escape from their formalism or ritualism, passing through the forms of prelate and papacy to culminate in the "rotary calash praying" of the women of the Ganges, except through Spiritualism, or the opening of the interiors to the reception of new life flowing down the heavens.—Papey may by dark interior influences be psychologized into Jesuitism, and kindle with the fierce zeal of the propaganda; dead or dying prelate may be galvanized into Puseyism; and the sects of Protestantism no longer to be roused by the arts of "revivalists," must be held for a while by the taught rain of ecclesiastical discipline and the close harness of custom. But these are all only temporary expedients, the last efforts of dying night to retain empire. We might as well expect the painted imitations of iron or granite to withstand the ravaging effects of fire or the corroding finger of Zion, as that these semblances of life should continue in this age of severest trial, when the heavens are bowed and the earth moved, and the fountains of the great deep broken up, that what which cannot be shaken may remain and the fountains of the great deep broken up, that what which cannot be shaken may remain and be established forever.

We read, except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit; the profound interior truth of which is not apparent to the external mind. But the first lesson of all true Spiritualism teaches that it is only by a cessation of the life of the external selfhood, that a higher can flow down from the spheres of angels. This is a maxim of the deepest significance and broadest application. No one can receive the full benefits of the new unfolding life who retains in any form his old prejudices and prepossessions. The temple of Spiritualism rising fair and resplendent from the wrecks and ruins of all preceding ages, but to contain within complete the perfection and beauty, the precious things and goodly adornments of all, must be entered only as it were through a baptism as of water and fire, purging and consuming all dross and defilement from its votaries. The infidel must lay aside his prejudice against christian truth, the sectary the intolerance of his narrow creed, the reformer all asperity and uncharitableness, the conservative his timidity and distrust, the learned his blind reliance upon external authority, and the ignorant to revere the wisdom of the past, and thus each supply what is wanting, and exclude what is superfluous in himself.

But above all, and in all ways, we must die to self. Thus, and thus only, is the better life possible for us. Spiritualists moreover, do not stand precisely upon the same ground as those who have not been opened to the internal world. They are passing through on earth a change and discipline similar to that experienced by the disembodied in the first stages of interior life; a period of vastation, a separation as by chemical analysis of the elements of good and evil in each, a judgment replete with vast and untold consequences. "Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out." Every new truth is a trial and test to those to whom it appeals; every damning light reproves and condemns whatever opposed its appearing, blesses and beautifies the forms waiting to receive it. We might illustrate this by reference to any great movement recorded in history, as the introduction of christianity itself, or the spread of the doctrines of the reformation. The Jews with uncompromising hostility rejected the former and passed away before its effulgent brightness; Spain, Italy, and Portugal excluded the light of the latter, and darkness like a pall has settled over those nations.

Let the Spiritualists remember that light unless received and embodied in word and act, like the rays of the sun falling upon decaying and lifeless substances, only hastens the process of desolation and death; but assimilated and invigorated in mind and heart, it quickens the latent germs of all fair and noble flowers and fruits. And let those who criticize with merciless severity the poor efforts of many an awakened Spirit blindly groping for the light, feeling that the door of hope and progress remember that an unseen hand may guide these struggles and nitying Heaven will at last drown the aspirations of his own children with success. And let us all embrace these hopeful words of one of our once poets unfolding "THE NEW CREATION."

I.  
"Life quickens and renews the human mind,  
Man is content no more to be a slave,  
Waiting in vain some outward moving sign,  
To God's interior Spirit cold and blind,  
He rises from his sepulchre and stands  
Erect, and tears away, with bleeding hands;  
The folds and bandages of human error  
That swathed his Spirit in the night of terror.  
He pants impatient for that crowning day,  
Whose Spirit shall make him wise and great,  
And shouts in earnest utterance wide and far,  
And burns with mental fire the ponderous bar  
Wielded by falsehood misins in thrall to lord—  
His heart grows eager for the age of gold."

II.  
And who shall blame him, blind and dead to long,  
When Lazarus-like, from darkness he comes forth,  
If he feel blindly for the rugged earth,  
Or fail to hear the blessed angel song?  
Nay, scorn him not. He momentarily grows wise,  
And fixes on the East his ardent eyes,  
Searching beyond the sky's terrestrial span  
To find that Being who hath made him man.  
That though all vacantly he fills his palms,  
Empty of offerings, through the open door  
Of love, God's mercies fall for evermore,  
Though like a ship embayed in tropic calms,  
He knoweth not the path wherein to go.  
The mighty trade-wind of eternal truth,  
From the dream ocean of his mortal woe,  
Shall waft him to the isles of endless youth."

III.  
I cannot lose my hope that all mankind  
Shall yet serenely journey side by side  
To the immortal countries of the mind,  
Where dwell the sainted Spirits who have died  
For human truth and liberty and peace  
And gained thereby through pain a swift release,  
Eternal justice rules the universe  
Eternal truth fills Heaven's blame dome with light,  
Eternal pity with delivering might,  
But not a period to the angel choir,  
Through man is pitiless, then, Lord, art kind,  
And seal clearly, though our eyes are blind."

### WHAT IS LOVE?

BY S. M. PETERS.

I am alone to-day, it is Christmas, and my family are absent. But I am not alone after all, a mouse is playing on the carpet; he knows me, and is not afraid. Spirits rap on the wall occasionally, I wish they would rap on the hearts of some of my aristocratic relations. I seem to be on a line from my kindred. They are church members some of them, and some are infidels, and all seem to have forgotten me. So it makes no difference what they are. But I always loved something, and something always loved me. I was once adored by the strangest looking dog I ever saw.—Whenever I took a stroll around the town, he went along, and got himself flogged by every dog, and run over by every carriage on the route, seemingly for my particular edification. Where he came from, or what brought him into my company, or where he went to afterwards, is more than I can tell. There might have been an affinity in our natures, that his superior sagacity took cognizance of, or perhaps there was an exterior resemblance upon which he based a claim of relationship. Not being aware of my own personal attractions, it may be proper to describe the dog, that others may note the resemblance, if any, between us. I will begin with his head, which was a trifle larger than his body, and consequently entitled to the first notice. It stood awry, one eye looking up in the air, and the other on the ground. The body sloped off with a gradual descent to its connection with the lateral appendage. The right hind leg was less than half the size of its partner, and his tail occupied a position at an angle of forty-five degrees to the right of the horizontal of the spinal column. There was method in this arrangement, for it kept the craft on an even keel. There was an adaptation of the mane to the end, for the weight of the afterpiece in its angular position preserved the equilibrium of the whole. Like all other apparently useless things in the world, this diminutive leg professed to take an active part in the locomotion of the institution of which it was the member. When under way, this short leg kept kicking right and left and in every other direction, as if that had something to do with the operation of navigation. Fastidious people may be disposed to question the symmetry of form and harmony of action. To me, the first was the prose of elegance, and the second was the poetry of motion.

Fastidious people may discover a tone of levity in this article. It is a reminiscence, my friends, of by-gone days, and a connecting-link in the chain of memory. That dog wanted somebody to love him, and to attract my attention, he threw himself under carriage wheels, or into any predicament where there was a reasonable chance of getting his neck broke. During our intimacy I never saw him intoxicated nor with a cigar in his mouth. This is more than I can say for all who have been my companions on the journey of life.

But what is love; who can define it? Who has lived even the shortest term of earth-life, and not felt its undefinable emotions? How soon the infant begins to watch the glance of its mother's eyes, and how well it can read the meaning of that look. Alas! how little do they know the heart of a man, who stigmatize him as a "heartless old bachelor." His history can be written in eight lines:

He met her when the joyous bird  
Had not a sweeter voice than hers;  
He felt his inmost being stirred,  
By thoughts that true love only stirs;  
He loved her with a love that clings  
Around her form, as if she were;  
Although she spread her Spirit-wings,  
And flew from earth when both were young.

The history of another would read:

He never dared to make a claim,  
He stood and worshipped her apart;  
He never dared to write her name,  
But something wrote it on his heart.  
Long years have rolled away since then,  
Each with its freight of hidden care,  
And he could never love again,  
Because her name was written there.

Another more fortunate man, would sing his history thus:

World of beauty, memory lingers  
In the flame of love-fire;  
Kindled first when I was young,  
Touched the strings of young love's lyre.  
Long ago, but sorrow never  
O'er my heart a shadow hung,  
Beauty beams as bright as ever,  
Love and Hope are always young.

Could we look into the hearts of the wayfarers on the highway of life, we should find that love has a hand in fashioning the destinies of all. Thou-

sands of motherless boys grow to be hardened villains, for the want of that gentle influence that can sway the most stubborn soul. In early life they are subject to the authority of those who make no allowance for their faults, and they soon regard the whole race as natural enemies. But man, in the worst condition that society can place him in, is far better off than that poor creature, the old maid.—She has loved somebody, at some period of her life, but "she never told her love," and why? Custom says it is not proper; and so she pines away in solitude, and is ridiculed for what she can not help. Love is a mighty principle, but not very well understood. Love never fails; fear often does.

## HELL ON EARTH.

Mr. Editor: When I read the startling effects produced by the wars of the old countries, I ask in the name of God, where, where has thought fled—has philanthropy skulked? Reason seems dethroned, and the vilest of the vile couched in her chair. Is it not time, Mr. Editor, to speak, and if possible to evade the Spirit that would lead to a similar commotion in our own country? Or shall we slumber on, forgetful of our own country's interest, until some legislative crusade shall hurl into the government of this nation war and its main evils?

Has not the time arrived, when Hell on Earth may be dispensed with? Is it not time for men to learn that long prayers and sundry services will never dispense with the Spirit of war until an accompanying action takes place, one that shall tell on every wind that blows, and in every breath that Heaven's harmony? Then, sir, we may expect peace and not until then; then shall war cease and an earthly habes end.

Who does not see shades in the most glaring colors stalking out before us? Why is it that the damnable heresies of a clerical world, Jewish like, by preaching up future punishment, and at the same time admit the devil with all his emissaries right into their sanctum sanctorum?

How long shall it be before that error of all errors the most deplorable, shall be suitably exposed, so that brethren in the ministry shall begin to reason like men, and fight against vice and not party? How long shall it be before we shall learn to put out the fire already kindled, instead of laboring to put out a fire in the future? How long shall it be before we shall learn that we have a hell on earth? How many will need to go to Sebastopol to learn there is punishment on earth, where thousands of slaughtered victims have been drawn into the most deplorable of hells? Is Heaven to be purchased with blood, or is hell to be established on earth?

Mr. Editor, I enter my protest against these things. I insist upon it, as earthly beings we have to do with earth, and that we are laboring and working for a Spiritual future. Future punishment we have nothing to do with, while the present hell is all we need to guard against, then let us look well to the evil of to-day, and remember that if always right, we can never go or do wrong.

As the Lord never breeds wars, we bring these hells upon ourselves. Let us dispense, therefore, with those obstructions as being the worst that we shall ever have to do with, for let us remember that every inch of ground gained to us here, is gained forever, and every inch lost is forever lost. Hence, every practical influence of gain we acquire will be so much in the help of eternal progression. But every inch lost will be so much to retard that progression. Then, as christian philanthropists, let us be determined to have nothing short of heaven on earth, nothing short of a dispensation that shall eradicate every evil, nothing short of the salvation of the whole world, nothing short of the redemption of the entire race. And then, and not till then, "will the Lord know all from the least to the greatest."

But, Mr. Editor, when shall this time be? When shall reform and be laboring for each other's good with as much zeal as they are now laboring for each other's overthrow? When? When it shall be learned that discord makes vice, and vice strife, and strife produces hatred, out of which malice fattens on envy, and through weakness of the flesh the most hellish purposes are consummated.

Now, sir, I am about to close, and I fear my communications latterly have been too frequent for the taste of some of your patrons. But feeling as I do deeply upon this subject, I would give tens of thousands of lives had I the power to die so many deaths, to convince this Republic that they have heaven on earth if they did but know it.

I believe an all-kind and wise Father will work out the economy of His own government, notwithstanding we are left to ourselves somewhat.

Yours for truth, L. Bttn.  
Auburn, Dec. 27th, 1854.

Abstract of the Proceedings at the Conference at No. 553 Broadway, Friday Evening, Jan. 5th.

Mr. Tooley introduced the subject of the New Year: I did not intend to say a word in the matter, but the day very much interested me. Every body seemed to have on their souls' best, for out of the eyes of all the souls seemed to be speaking New Years. Down one street I saw one man, dressed in a peculiar manner, who occupied some of my attention, as he evinced every demonstration of a perfect appreciation of liberty from the old year. New Year's, by common assent, is not a day of merriment, but a day of solemnity and reflection, and it is not to matter how we celebrate it, it is considered to be New Year's. What is New Year's? It is a stand-point in time, old years have passed away; which we cannot recall. We may say, "good bye, old neighbor!" and to the young and smiling New Year, "we welcome you with the pleasure of a merry heart." We throw up our bonnets and bands, and invite benevolence to the new year. We live in a state of mechanism; and need more grace, we need to live more in the sunlight of charitable reform. If the music of humanity is in our souls, we should not scruple to let it be heard. The man who weeps because his child is dead, acknowledges himself a man in his tears. Small things are baptized by the divinity of the occasion. Let us therefore be receptive, and if we are thoughtful and attentive, we will never be forgotten; but always kept in the harmony of fellowship—be it old or New Year.

Dr. Hatch followed.—These little meetings may appear to be very weak and insignificant; but when we realize the great law by which mankind is moved, the psychological influence which seems to pass through the entire being of the great human race, upon the same principle that the pebble which is dropped into the ocean sends forth waves after wave, until it moves the entire world, we shall see that all our thoughts, all our feelings, all our concentrated into one individual, operates upon all mankind eventually. It is utterly impossible for any new thought to be born into the world, for any individual to give utterance to that thought, without its affecting the most remote intelligence.—Every new principle of philosophy which has been uttered since the world has gone before has stamped its influence upon all who have lived since. Take a single instance, the new family law. When John Murray preached his first sermon on Universalism in this country, and the stones were cast at him, he simply remarked, "These are very weighty arguments, but they are very convincing." But a small class of the American people have become Universalists, but there is scarcely one sect whose theology is not modified and remodeled by the tenets of Universalism, until now, instead of the doctrine of hell fire, it is the doctrine of good society. True, in this early notion he may be called an extremist, he was logical to an extreme degree; but those sentiments have brought mankind to reflection. If there is any reliance in Spiritual communication, the true center is nearly half way between the two doctrines. And it is from this simple fact that our gatherings attract remotest society, and those who have lived since. Take a single instance, the new family law. 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